

ther the softer the

ird, too, that gets a

ys that all war is
Meanwhile, swat

h society, a six foot

is to marry a seven
are worse occupations, too, on
day than that of eating iced
aloupos.

In 100 years the summer clad man
will look back with horror on the
coated man of today.

Anybody who wants a coat of tan
this summer ought to be able to
achieve his heart's desire.

Why swat the flies yourself when
you can keep a pet toad to attend to
the fly swatting department?

Danger from rabies would be greatly
minimized if all dogs were given
plenty of cold water to drink.

Austria is to charge its tobacco
smokers \$15,000,000 more a year. Its
object is not to cure them of smoking,
either.

A Massachusetts man was choked
to death by his celluloid collar. An-
other argument for the modern, up-
to-date rag stiffer.

A New York judge has decided that
a woman is not entitled to alimony
when she makes her husband cook his
own breakfast. Hooray!

Senator Clark has a \$125,000 pipe
organ in his mansion, but when it
comes to music we have no doubt
that the senator prefers ragtime.

A kind-hearted New Jersey yard-
master held a freight car five weeks
on a siding because a thrush had
built her nest on one of its trucks.

A professor of chemistry stopped a
runaway horse by dashing ammonia
into its face. There's a device that
might be tried on runaway husbands.

Wheat from an ancient Egyptian
tomb has been successfully planted
in Colorado, so good wheat must have
been selected by the cute Arab guides
and put it in the tomb.

Because the boys and kissed her
the day a boy kissing their hony-
havi New York lady has applied
despotic divorce. Probably they were
er not little kisses, too.

The ser-
ty. So at Omaha a debating society has
ne occurred that the horse is more desir-
point than the automobile. The so-
horror must be made up of people who
Senators wages instead of salaries.

ing not
was reie kaiser's only daughter is 18, of
Senate unny disposition, and will marry
and t m she chooses. Other recommen-
The f ions may be had by addressing her
directly at his Berlin residence.

TI. New Jersey woman is said to
ame to be inoculated with rabies by
ittle dog hit by a bullet which passed
All rough a mad dog. Fast thing, the
germ that can hook onto a bullet.

The people of Charleston, S. C., are
Jubilant because fifteen babies were
born there in one night recently.
Charleston may be expected to im-
mediately apply for the taking of a new
census.

A "punch in the jaw" delivered by
a wife laid her husband up for twen-
ty-two weeks. With a passion, for ex-
act detail, he also reports that the
third vertebra was displaced one-six-
teenth of an inch.

A Philadelphia woman gets a di-
vorce rather than live in Chicago.
Quoting George Ade: "Somebody
must live here." However, the time
from Philadelphia to New York has
been cut to less than two hours.

A Chicago doctor is quoted as say-
ing that 60 per cent. of the dogs that
bite people are infected with rabies.
Then the popular impression that be-
ing bitten by a mad dog is fatal seems
to be pretty thoroughly refuted, inas-
much as no rabies epidemic among hu-
man subjects has been reported.

A man in New York who has
achieved an international reputation
as an inventive engineer while out on
bail on a charge of larceny, now goes
to jail for two years and six months.
The state can well afford to see that
he has leisure in captivity to go on
with his inventions.

Certain vague allusions in the pa-
pers lead to the suspicion that Keokuk
is building a dam across the
Mississippi which will conserve all
the water of that eccentric old stream
that is not needed for the mainte-
nance of its catfish. Keokuk hitherto
has been called the "gate city." Hence-
forth it will be known as—but this is
merely conjectural.

A physician tells us that yawning
is good for the health. At any rate
people who are in the habit of yawn-
ing rarely break down from overwork

The BRONZE BELL

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
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ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS
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CHAPTER I.

Destiny and the Babu.
Breaking suddenly upon the steady
drumming of the trucks, the prolonged
and husky roar of a locomotive
whistle saluted an immediate grade-
crossing.

Roused by this sound from his soli-
tary musings in the parlor car of
which he happened temporarily to be
the sole occupant, Mr. David Amber
put aside the magazine over which
he had been dreaming, and looked out
of the window, catching a glimpse of
woodland road shining white between
sombre walls of stunted pine. Lazily
he consulted his watch.

"It's not for nothing," he observed
pensively, "that this railroad wears
its reputation; we are consistently
late."

His gaze, again diverted to the fly-
ing countryside, noted that it had
changed character, pine yielding to
scrub-oak and second-growth—the
ragged vestments of an area some
years since denuded by fire. This,
too, presently swung away, giving
place to cleared land—arable acres
golden with the stubble of garnered
harvests or sentinelled with unkempt
shocks of corn.

In the south a shimmer of laughing
gold and blue edged the faded hori-
zon.

Eagerly the young man leaned for-
ward, dark eyes lightening, lips part-
ing as if already he could taste the
savour of the sea.

Then, quite without warning, a deep
elbow of the bay swept up almost to
the railway, its surface mirror-like,
profoundly blue, profoundly beautiful.
"I think," said the traveler softly—
"I think it's mighty fine to be alive
and—here!"

He lounged back comfortably again,
smiling as he watched the wheeling
landscape, his eyes glowing with ex-
pectancy. For his cares were negli-
gible, his content boundless; he was
experiencing, for the first time in
many years, a sense of freedom akin
to that felt by a schoolboy at the be-
ginning of the summer vacation. The
work of his heart and hand for a little
time belonged equally to a forgotten
Yesterday and an unanticipated To-
morrow; he existed only for the con-
fident Today. He had put behind him
the haunts of men, and his yearning
for the open places that lay before
him was almost childlike in its fer-
vency; he would, indeed, have been
quite satisfied if assured that he was
to find nothing to do save to play aim-
lessly in the sun. But, in point of
fact, he looked forward to an employ-
ment much more pleasurable; he was
off to shoot duck with his very dear
friend, Mr. Anthony Quain of Tangle-
wood lodge, Nokomis, Long Island.

Again the whistle bawled uncannily,
and the train began to moderate its
speed. Objects in the foreground that
otherwise had been mere streaked
blurs assumed recognizable contours.
North of the line a string of squat,
square, unlovely "frame" edifices,
aligned upon a country road, drifted
back. A brakeman popped head and
shoulders into the car and out again,
leaving the echo of an abrupt bark to
be interpreted at the passenger's
leisure.

Slowly jolting across a rutted, dusty
road, the cars stopped. Amber, alight-
ing, found himself upon a length of
board-walk platform and confronted
by a distressingly matter-of-fact wood-
en structure, combining the functions
of waiting room and ticket and tele-
graph offices. From its eaves de-
pended a weather-worn board bearing
the legend: "Nokomis."

The train, pausing only long enough
to disgorge from the baggage car a
trunk or two and from the day coach
a thin trickle of passengers, flung
on into the wilderness, cracked bell
clanking somewhat disadroitly.

By degrees the platform cleared, the
straw-hat patrons of the road and the
station loafers—for the most part half-
marked natives of the region—strag-
gling off upon their several ways,
some afoot, a majority in dilapidated
surreys and buckboards. Amber
watched them go with unassuming in-
difference; their type interested him
little. But in their company he pres-
ently discovered one, a figure so
thoroughly foreign and aloof in atti-
tude, that it caught his eye, and, hav-
ing caught, held it clouded with per-
plexity.

Abruptly he abandoned his belong-
ings and gave chase, overtaking the
object of his attention at the far end
of the station.

"Doggott!" he cried. "I say, Dog-
gott!"

His hand, falling lightly upon the
man's shoulder, brought him square-
ly about, his expression transiently
startled, if not a shade truculent.

"Doggott, what the deuce brings you
here? And Mr. Rutton?"

Amber's cordiality evoked no re-
sponse. The gray eyes, meeting eyes
dark, kindly, and penetrating, flicker-
ed and fell; so much emotion they be-
trayed, no more, and that as disingen-
uous as you could wish.

"Doggott!" insisted Amber, dis-
concerted. "Surely you haven't for-
gotten me—Mr. Amber?"

The man shook his head. "Beg par-
don, sir," he said; "you've got my

nyme 'andy enough, but I don't know
you, and—"

"But Mr. Rutton?"
"Is a party I've never 'eard of, if
you'll excuse my sayin' so, no more'n
I 'ave of yourself, sir."

"Well," began Amber; but paused,
his face hardening as he looked the
man up and down, nodding slowly.

"Per'aps," continued Mr. Doggott,
unabashed, "you mistyke me for my
brother, 'Enry Doggott. 'E was 'ome,
in England, larst I 'eard of 'im. We
look a deal alike, I've been told."

"You would be," admitted Amber
drily; and, shutting his teeth upon his
inherent contempt for a liar, he
swung away, acknowledging with a
cut nod the civil "Good afternoon,
sir," that followed him.

The man had disappeared by the
time Amber regained his kit-bag and
gun-case; standing over which he
surveyed his surroundings with some
annoyance, discovering that he now
shared the station with none but the
ticket agent. A shambling and dis-
consolate youth, clad in a three-days'
growth of beard, a checked jumper
and khaki trousers, this person
lounged negligently in the doorway of
the waiting room and, caressing his
rusty chin with nicotine-dyed fingers,
regarded the stranger in Nokomis
with an air of subtle yet vaguely mel-
ancholy superiority.

"If ye're lookin' for th' hotel," he
volunteered unexpectedly, "there ain't
none," and effected a masterly retreat
into the ticket booth.

Amused, the despoiled outlander
picked up his luggage and followed
amiably. "I'm not looking for the
hotel that ain't," he said, planting
himself in front of the grating; "but
I expected to be met by some one
from Tanglewood—"

"That's the Quain place, daown by
th' ba-ay," interpolated the youth from
unplumbed depths of mournful ab-
straction.

"It is. I wired yesterday—"
"Yeour name's Amber, ain't it?"
"Yes, I—"

"Well, Quain didn't get your mes-
sage till this mornin'. I sent a kid
daown with it 'bout ten o'clock."

"But why the—but I wired yester-
day afternoon!"

"I know ye did," assented the
youth wearily. "It come through
round closin' time and they wa'n't
nobody bound that way, so I held it
over."

"This craze for being characteris-
tic," observed Mr. Amber obscurely,
"is the only thing that really stands
in the way of Nokomis becomin' a
thriving metropolis. Do you agree
with me? No matter." He smiled en-
gagingly; a seasoned traveler this,
who could recognize the futility of
bickering over the irreparable. More-
over, he had to remind himself in all
fairness, the blame was, in part at
least, his own; for he had thought-
lessly worded his telegram, "Will be
with you tomorrow afternoon," and it
was wholly like Quain that he should
have accepted the statement at its
face value, regardless of the date line.

"I can leave my things here for a
little while, I presume?" Amber sug-
gested after a pause.

The ticket agent stared stubbornly
into the infinite, making no sign (ill a
coin rang on the window-ledge; when
he started, eyed the offering with fugi-
tive mistrust, and gloomily possessed
himself of it. "I'll look after them,"
he said. "Be ye thinkin' of walkin'?"

"Yes," said Amber over his shoul-
der. He was already moving toward
the door.

"Knaow yeour wa-ay?"
"I've been here before, thank you."

Crossing the tracks, he addressed
himself to the southward stretching
highway. Walking briskly at first, he
soon left behind the railway station
with its few parasitic cottages, a dip
in the land hid them, and he had
hereafter for all company his
thoughts, the desultory road, a vast
and looming sky, and bare fields
hedged with impoverished forest.

Amber had professed acquaintance
with his way; it seemed rather to be
intimacy, for when he chose to for-
sake the main traveled road he did so
boldly, striking off upon a wagon
track which, leading across the fields,
delved presently into the heart of the
forest.

The hush of the forest world bore
heavily upon his senses; the slight
and stealthy rustlings in the brush,
the clear dense ringing of some re-
mote ax, an attenuated clamor of
cawing from some far crows' con-
gress, but served to accentuate its in-
fluence.

Then into the silence crept a sound
to rouse him from his formless reverie.
At first a mere pulsing in the
stillness, barely to be distinguished
from the song of the surf; but pres-
ently a pounding, ever louder and
more insistent. He paused, attentive;
and while he waited the drumming,
minute by minute gaining in volume,
swept swiftly toward him—the rhyth-
mic hoofbeats of a single horse madly
ridden. When it was close upon him
he stepped back into the tangled un-
dergrowth, making room; for the
track was anything but wide.

Simultaneously there burst into
view, at the end of a brief aisle of

trees, the horse—a vigorous black
brute with white socks and muzzle—
running freely, apparently under
constraint neither of whip nor of spur.
In the saddle a girl leaned low over
the horn—a girl with eyes rapturous,
face brilliant, lips parted in the least
of smiles. A fold of her byack habit-
skirt, whipping out, almost snapped in
Amber's face, so close to him she
rode; and yet she seemed not to see him,
and very likely did not. A splendid
sketch in black and white, of youthful
spirit and joy of motion; so she passed
on and was gone.

Hardly, however, had the forest
closed upon the picture, ere a cry
a heavy crashing as of a horse thresh-
ing about in the underbrush, and a
woman's scream of terror, sent Amber,
in one movement, out into the road
again and running at a pace
which, had he been conscious of it,
would have surprised him.

A short 50 yards separated him from
the bend in the way round which
the horse and its rider had vanished.
He had no more than gained this
point than he was obliged to pull up
sharply to avoid running into the
girl herself.

Although dismounted, she was on
her feet, and apparently uninjured.
She stood with one hand against the
trunk of a tree, on the edge of a
small clearing wherein the axes of
the local lumbermen had but lately
been busy. Her horse had disappear-
ed; the rumble of his hoofs, dimin-
endo, told the way he had gone.

So much Amber comprehended in a
single glance; with a second he
sought the cause of the accident, and
identified it with a figure so outre and
bizarre that he momentarily and ex-
cussably questioned the testimony of
his senses.

At a little distance from the girl,
in the act of addressing her, stood a
man, obese, gross, abnormally dis-
tended with luxurious and sluggish
living, as little common to the scene

frightening this lady's horse? What
are you doing here, anyway?"

Almost groveling, the babu answer-
ed him in Urdu: "Hazaar, I am your
slave—"

Without thinking Amber couched
his retort in the same tongue:
"Count yourself lucky you are not,
dog!"

"Nay, hazaar, but I meant no harm.
I was resting, being fatigued, in the
shelter of the wood, when the noise
of hoofs disturbed me and I stepped
out to see. When the woman was
thrown I sought to assist her, but she
threatened me with her whip."

"That is quite true," the girl cut in
over Amber's shoulder. "I don't think
he intended to harm me, but it's pure-
ly an accident that he didn't."

Inasmuch as the babu's explanation
had been made in fluent, vernacular
Urdu, Amber's surprise at the girl's
evident familiarity with that tongue
was hardly to be concealed. "You un-
derstand Urdu?" he stammered.

"Aye," she told him in that tongue,
"and speak it, too."

"You know this man, then?"

"No. Do you?"

"Not in the least. How should I?"

"You yourself speak Urdu."

"Well, but—" The situation hardly
lent itself to such a discussion; he
had the babu first to dispose of. Amber
resumed his cross-examination.

"Who are you?" he demanded. "And
what is your business in this place?"

The fat yellowish-brown face was
distorted by a fugitive grimace of
deprecation. "Hazaar, I am Behari
Lal Chatterji, solicitor, of the Inner
Temple."

"Well? And your business here?"

"Hazaar, that is for your secret
ear." The babu drew himself up, as-
suming a certain dignity. "It is not
meet that the message of the Bell
should be uttered in the hearing of
an Englishwoman, hazaar."

"What are you drivelling about?" In
his blank wonder, Amber returned to

and, hitching his clothing round him,
made off with a celerity surprising in
one of his tremendous bulk, striking
directly into the heart of the woods.

Amber was left to knit his brows
over the object which had been forced
upon him so unexpectedly.

It proved to be a small, cubical box,
something more than an inch square,
fashioned of bronze and elaborately
decorated with minute relief work in
the best manner of ancient Indian
craftsmanship.

"May I see, please?" The voice of
the girl at his side recalled to Amber
her existence. "May I see, too, please,
Mr. Amber?" she repeated.

CHAPTER II.

The Girl and the Token.

In his astonishment he looked round
quickly to meet the gaze of mischiev-
ous eyes that strove vainly to seem
simple and sincere.

Aware that he faced an uncommo-
nly pretty woman, who chose to study
him with a straightforward interest he
was nothing loath to imitate, he took
time to see that she was very fair of
skin, with that creamy, silken
whiteness that goes with hair of the
shade commonly and unjustly termed
red. Her nose he thought a trace
too severely perfect in its modeling,
but redeemed by a broad and thought-
ful brow, a strong yet absolutely fem-
inine chin, and a mouth . . . Well,
as to her mouth, the young man se-
lected a rosebud to liken it to.

Having catalogued these several
features, he had a mental portrait of
her he was not likely soon to forget.
For it's not every day that one en-
counters so pretty a girl in the woods
of Long Island's southern shore—or
anywhere else, for that matter. He
felt sure of this.

But he was equally certain that he
was as much a stranger to her as
she to him.

She, on her part, had been busy
satisfying herself that he was a very
presentable young man, in spite of
the somewhat formidable reputation
he wore as a person of learned attain-
ments. If his looks attracted, it was
not because he was handsome, for
that he wasn't, but because of certain
signs of strength to be discerned in
his face, as well as an engaging man-
ner which he owned by right of an-
cestry, his ascendants for several gen-
erations having been notable repre-
sentatives of one of the First Families
of Virginia.

The pause which fell upon the girl's
use of his name, and during which
they looked one another over, was
sufficiently prolonged to excuse the
reference to it which Amber chose to
make.

"I'm sure," he said with his slow
smile, "that we're satisfied we've
never met before. Aren't we?"

"Quite," assented the girl.

"That only makes it the more mys-
terious, of course."

"Yes," said she provokingly;
"doesn't it?"

"You know, you're hardly fair to
me," he asserted. "I'm rapidly be-
ginning to entertain doubts of my
senses. When I left the train at No-
komis station I met a man I know as
well as I know myself—pretty nearly;
and he denied me to my face. Then,
a little later, I encounter a strange,
mad Bengali, who apparently takes
me for somebody he has business
with. And finally, you call me by
name."

"It isn't so very remarkable, when
you come to consider it," she returned
soberly. "Mr. David Amber is rather
well known, even in his own country.
I might very well have seen your pho-
tograph published in connection with
some review of—let me see. . . .
Your latest book was entitled 'The
Peoples of the Hindu Kush,' wasn't
it? You see, I haven't read it."

"That's sensible of you, I'm sure.
Why should you? . . . But your
theory doesn't hold water, because I
won't permit my publishers to print
my picture, and, besides, reviews of
such stupid books generally appear
in profound monthlies which abhor il-
lustrations."

"Oh!" She received this with a
note of disappointment. "Then my ex-
planation won't do?"

"I'm sorry," he laughed, "but you'll
have to be more ingenious—and prac-
tical."

"And you won't show me the pres-
ent the babu made you?"

He closed his fingers jealously over
the bronze box. "Not until . . ."
"You insist on reciprocity?"

"Absolutely."

"That's very unkind of you."
"How?" he demanded blankly.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

His Self-Defense.

"When a man's married," said Rose
Stahl, "his excuses begin. 'Did you
ever hear how Sambo got out of it
when he was caught in the turkey
coop?'"

"'Deed, mistah,' he said, 'deed
sah, I fan't a-stealin' dis yah bird. I'se
takin' it in self-defense. Hones' I is!'"

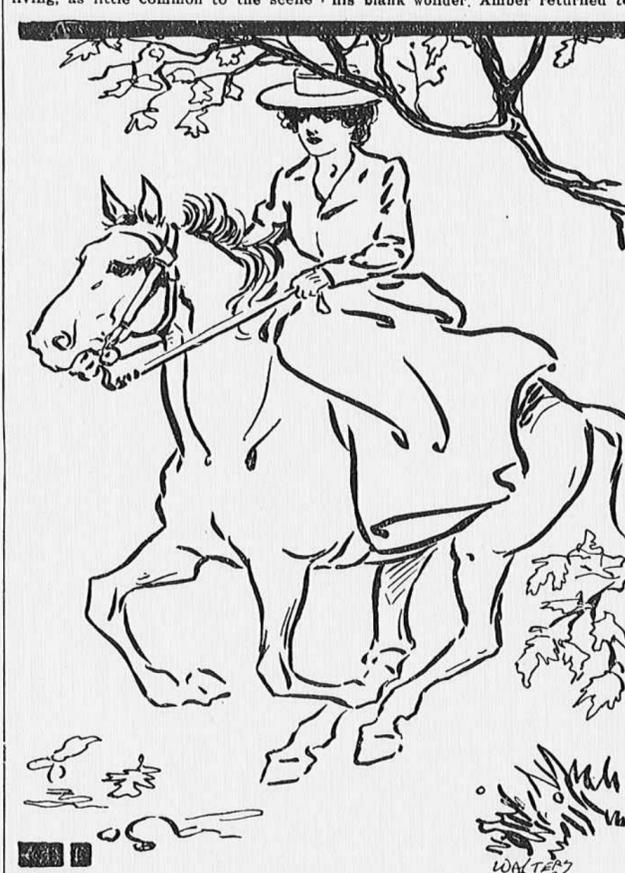
"'Self-defense?' roared the indig-
nant owner, shaking him by the col-
lar. 'What kind of a lie are you try-
ing to tell me?'"

"'Please, sah,' wailed the much-
abused Sambo, 'mah wife she say ef
I doan' fetch home a turkey she gwine
to break ebery bone in mah body. An
so I jes' 'bleeged ter perfect mah-
se!'—Young's Magazine."

Blank Filled Correctly.

"When Lizzie Timms filled out her
application blank to teach school,"
laughs the neighbor, "she wrote on the
line asking what her age was, 'My age
is twenty years old.' Wasn't that a
ludicrous mistake?"

"Oh, I don't know. You misunder-
stand it. She was honest. She was
giving the age of her age, not of her
self. She has claimed to be twen-
ty for about that long.—Judge.



So She Passed and Was Gone.

as a statue of Phoebus Apollo had been.
A babu of Bengal, every inch of him,
from his dirty red-and-white turban to
his well-worn and cracked patent-leath-
er shoes. His body was enveloped in a
complete suit of emerald silk, much
soiled and faded, and girt with a
sash of many colors, crimson pre-
dominating. His hands, fat, brown,
and not overclean, alternately flutter-
ed apologetically and rubbed one an-
other with a suggestion of extreme
urbanity; his lips, thick, sensual, and
cruel, mouthed a broken stream of
babu-English; while his eyes, nearly
as small and quite as black as shoe
buttons—eyes furtive, crafty, and
cold—suddenly distended and became
fixed, as with amazement, at the in-
stant of Amber's appearance.

Instinctively, as soon as he had
mastered his initial stupefaction, Amber
stepped forward and past the girl,
placing himself between her and this
preposterous apparition, as if to
shield her. He held himself wary and
alert, and was instant to halt the
babu when he, with the air of a dog
cringing to his master's feet for pun-
ishment, would have drawn nearer.

"Stop right there!" Amber told him
crisply; and got for response obedi-
ence, a low salaam, and the Hindu
salutation accorded only to persons of
high rank: "Hazaar!" But before
the babu could say more the Ameri-
can addressed the girl. "What did he
do?" he inquired, without looking at
her. "Frighten your horse?"

"Just that." The girl's tone was
edged with temper. "He jumped out
from behind that woodpile; the horse
shied and threw me."

"You're not hurt, I trust?"

"No—thank you; but—with a
nervous laugh—"I'm furiously angry."
"That's reasonable enough." Amber
returned undivided attention to the
Bengali. "Now then," he deman-
ded sternly, "what was you doin' in
for yous?"

English as to a tongue more suited to
his urgent need of forcible expression.
"And, look here, you stop calling me
'Hazaar.' I'm no more a hazaar than
you are—idiot!"

"Nay," contended the babu reproach-
fully; "is it right that you should seek
to hoodwink me? Have I not eyes
with which to see, ears that can hear
you speak our tongue, hazaar? I am
no child, to be played with—I, the ap-
pointed Mouthpiece of the Voice!"

"I